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REVIEW OF BOOKS.

An authentic Statement of Facts connected with the interior Management of Drury Lane Theatre, for the last three Seasons; together with an Appendix of Documents. 8vo. pp. 85. London. 1818.

THIS work consists of letters which originally appeared in the Morning Herald newspaper, under the signature of Publius, and, as the advertisement informs us, were collected into the present shape in compliance with the expressed wishes of several highly-respected individuals; but, notwithstanding the ostentatious title which is now affixed to it, it will in the end be found little more than an elaborate exculpation of, and panegyric on, Mr. Peter Moore, in his conduct towards the unfortunate theatre which at present owns him for its master. It will easily be discovered that all the remarks have this tendency, and the abuse which is so lavishly poured forth on the one side, is only employed to raise the character of the other party. Far be it from us to offer any commendation on the late management of Drury Lane Theatre, which we certainly consider to have been any thing but good; yet, in any censure that may be passed on it, we feel very little disposition to exempt Mr. Moore, or still less to impute the whole blame to the respectable and enlightened individual who has been dragged before the public in this pamphlet; and we trust we shall be able to establish the correctness of our opinion. Upon the decease of Mr. Whitbread, according to Publius, Messrs. Kinnaird and Lamb, "who happened most unfortunately for the proprietors as well as the performers of Drury Lane Theatre to have been members of the sub-committee, felt themselves released from some powerful restraint. Before his ashes were yet cold, they seized the vacant government and administered it as joint consuls; they recognized no authority over the stage-management which did not flow from them, as the principal fountain of honour; they erected, on either bank of the current,

impregnable muniments, in order to avert even the accidental intrusion of a tributary streamlet." This is one of the many assertions contained in the work before us which wants some definite explanation. "Messrs. Kinnaird and Lamb seized the vacant government;" but how came it to be permitted that they did so, without resistance, or even, as it would appear, without remonstrance, on the part of the Committee? Where was the mighty vigilance of Mr. Moore during the violent proceedings of his brother amateurs? and, how came it, even after they had possessed themselves of the dramatic throne, that, seeing their utter incompetency to fill it, with proper ability, he made no effort to push them from their usurped dignity? So far from this, that gentleman appeared to be perfectly satisfied with the exercise of power here assumed, nay, even to give it his most cordial approbation; for, in the very face of it, he declared, at the meeting of the proprietors, on the 13th October, 1815, that, "From a review of all the parts of this intricate business, he was firmly of opinion that so far from there being any just ground of depression, there was every reason to look forward to a prospective advantage at their next meeting *." The government of a theatrical establishment is no inconsiderable affair, and it seems next to impossible that any person could get it into his hands, at Drury Lane, without having some distinct power delegated to him from the Sub-Committee. If it could be done without any such authority, sleepy indeed must have been the members of it; utterly incompetent, indeed, must they have been for their situation; but it requires no arguments of ours to display the improbability, or even the criminality, of such a lethargy: the fact speaks for itself, and either way entails disgrace upon the committee of which Mr. Moore formed so distinguished an ornament. To proceed, therefore; Mr. Kinnaird gave so much offence, that, "like a well-bred dog who perceives violent preparations for kicking him down stairs," he resigned. Here was a

circumstance which gave the Committee an excellent opportunity to revise their authority and look into their powers—to consider the talents of the surviving manager, and to take their measures for displacing him also, if necessary; but Mr. Lamb was re-elected, with every honour, and almost entreated to resume his functions *!

It is clear, from this circumstance, that his situation was recognised and his former efforts fully approved; we are, therefore, no longer to consider Mr. Lamb as acting without a right: for Publius himself acknowledges, that at length, "to him was committed that congenial care; and, as it often happens, the partial authority, which was first incidentally obtained, was progressively extended." The productions of the first season of Mr. Lamb's sole management (1816-17) were certainly unsuccessful, yet the result was not quite so disastrous as the one which immediately followed, more than two-thirds of which were under the complete direction of Mr. P. Moore! The experience which Mr. Lamb had acquired, during his joint administration with Mr. Douglas Kinnaird, could not have been great; but his unremitting attention to his duties, whilst in possession of exclusive control, had given him many valuable lessons on the management and economy of the concern; he, therefore, approached the beginning of another campaign with more enlarged and more enlightened ideas. He writes, from Liverpool—"Our activity seems so promising, in every department, that, however absurd it may be, after two seasons of failure, I cannot help feeling in high spirits." Had Mr. L. been left in undisturbed exercise of his abilities this time, it is to be presumed Drury Lane would have been in a different situation from that in which it now stands; for, it will be easily recollected, that the commencement of the season 1817-18 was more auspicious than any that had latterly preceded it; and, if the nightly receipts were laid open they would no doubt bear testimony to this fact, and present a comfortable contrast to the

* Vide British Press, October 14.

* A salary even was proposed to be given him.—See Statement.

miserable nightly averages which afterwards took place. The truth and candour of Publius may be properly estimated by his observation, that at this time (the commencement of 1817-18) "no sources of attraction had been provided, except Mr. Lamb's miserably altered farce, 'the Cocker of Preston,' and the stage carpenter's 'Chinese additions to the great saloon.'" One of the most successful novelties, we may say the most successful, of the season took place during this period; we allude to the melo-drama of "The Falls of Clyde," which was produced on the 29th of October, and more frequently repeated than any piece we can call to mind during the whole period of the house continuing open. Indeed, we must believe that the jealousy of Mr. Moore, at this period, began to be aroused at the favourable appearance of things through the exertions of him whom he now began to look on as an obstruction to his fame and a rival to his talents; we say, we must believe this, from the circumstance that though he had hitherto remained tranquil, and, according to his own account and that of his friend Publius, been a looker on, he selected this opportunity, when appearances were more enlivening, of offering his interference and disturbing the repose of the establishment!

The first open act of hostility, on the part of Mr. Moore, was the procuring a latent vote of censure to be passed on the conduct of his co-adjutor, "in a prohibitory law against the production of any new piece" which had not the approbation of the entire Committee, alias, of Mr. Moore. This resolution was, in effect, saying, that Mr. Lamb had not used the discretionary power vested in him with sufficient propriety, and conveyed a gentle hint as to the course he ought in future to adopt. Any man, we fancy, would have felt himself displeased with these rebukes, and, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, we are not at all surprised that Mr. Lamb felt very "highly incensed." But this gentleman had also another grievance to complain of. It was by his suggestion that the notification appeared in the Drury Lane Play Bills, stating that the system of puffing so long in vogue, would be discontinued at that theatre, and the annunciations of performers, &c., restored to the simplicity which they formerly presented, during the management of Garrick. Scarcely a day, however, had this advertisement been published, when, as we are credibly informed, Mr. Moore insisted on the restoration of the original

custom; and, accordingly, on the first appearance of Miss Byrne as Rosetta, in *Love in a Village*, the public were treated with the following beautiful specimen of play-house criticism:—"Miss Byrne appeared last night, for the first time, in the character of Rosetta; throughout her performance she was honoured with the deepest attention, and most unanimous applause, by a delighted and enraptured audience, and will repeat the character on Wednesday next."—(Play Bill, Nov. 6.) Disgusted with the chicanery which had underhandedly been employed against him, and weary of the opposition he had now continually to encounter, Mr. Lamb very wisely determined to lay down his office, and, on the 11th of November, tendered his resignation: he closes his letter to this effect, with a most admirable sentence, quoted however, by Publius, with a different view to that of displaying the acuteness of the person he is attacking: "The vigour and promptitude," says Mr. Lamb, "that results from vesting power in one confidential person, or, at least, the allotment of departments to individuals, can never, in my opinion, be supplied by daily discussions on every point of management, however discordant and prolix, nor by quires of foolscap paper filled with by-laws and regulations, however diffuse and superfluous."

Mr. M. had now attained his utmost wish, and, by a single blow, became at once the complete master, in every respect, of the theatre. It remains to be seen, whether, by strengthening his company and revising the pieces under his control, he made such use of his advantages as to entitle him to a higher meed of commendation than his predecessors; but we find that every thing miserably fell off, and that the audiences gradually thinned to a point of absolute desertion! Can this be wondered at, when such a piece as "Outwitted at Last" was crammed down the throats of the few frequenters of Drury for a space of five nights* and when the really *childish* farce of *Lilliput* (which by the by Mr. Moore had the hardihood to declare "was calculated to produce the best effect upon the rising generation!") was protruded for such a length of time on the public?

These and similar instances of gross mismanagement are not calculated to raise our ideas of Mr. Moore's abilities as director of a theatre; and though his

measures are henceforward to be screened under the acts and deeds of Mr. Stephen Kemble, we may, from former examples, be allowed to express our doubts that the amateurship will flourish no better in the custody of Mr. Moore than of his immediate predecessors.

Another accusation, which Publius makes against Mr. Lamb, is the liberty which he allowed Mr. Kean to preside over those pieces in which he sustained the principal character; but this practice is not unusual with chief tragedians. Mr. Kemble, after he had quitted the management at Covent Garden, was still allowed to direct the arrangement of the plays in which he performed. The story about the production of a tragedy, called "*Romana*," seems incredible; but, if true, we cannot say we should have supposed Mr. Kean capable of so much jealousy, especially as we always understood it to be his complaint that he was not properly supported; we trust a refutation of the charge made against him will appear from some authentic quarter. In the same spirit with which the anecdote respecting the above tragedy is given, Publius proceeds to say:—

"Mr. Kean was confessedly the first tragedian at Drury Lane, but he resolved, if possible, to engross also to himself, the honours of the first singer. Although his operatic experiment, in the *Jew of Malta*, must have convinced him of the folly of this ambition, yet he had the hardihood, to give it its mildest appellation, to set down in the bills for his benefit, the name of Miss Byrne, as one of the common chorus singers."

It is almost needless to observe, that the complaint made against Mr. Kean, in this instance, is utterly silly and without foundation. We cannot help feeling surprised, that Publius, who pretends to know so much about theatres, was not aware that it is customary, in several of the best chorusses, to introduce most of the best singers. This was the practice at Drury Lane long before Miss Byrne joined the company, and, previous to Mrs. Dickens's departure for the continent, the name of that lady, as also of Mr. Phillips, &c. repeatedly appeared amongst those of the other chorus-singers in the tragedy of *Macbeth*. Covent Garden also follows this method, and we never heard the chorus of "See the Conquering Hero comes" without the introduction of the best opera performers. Even on Mr. Kean's night, Miss Byrne was not singular in the situation she occupied in the bills; as Messrs. T. Cooke, Smith, J. Smith, and Mrs. Bland, Mrs. T. Cook, Miss

* The history of the production of this contemptible trash has already been given by a Correspondent in the 20th Number of the Literary Journal.

Cubitt, Mrs. Bellchambers, Mrs. Orger, &c., all shared the same fate, and without considering it the least degradation. From the high-flown praises bestowed on Miss Byrne, we may suppose Mr. Moore had some hand in her engagement. She is certainly not without her merits; but when Publius asserts that "her pure taste, her extensive science, her vocal sweetness, brilliancy, and expression, will always enable her to maintain the first rank in her profession," he merely utters an eulogy without stopping for proper words in which to convey it. Miss Byrne's *pure taste* has always been questioned. The applauses she received from partial friends, on her debut, did not prevent many from being disgusted with her injudicious flourishes in "Whither my Love;" and, as for her "vocal brilliancy" we never heard her voice in a bravura composition raise itself above the instruments in the orchestra, and we rather imagine that they frequently supply its place. We have rather travelled out of the way to say thus much, but it has simply been to demonstrate that Publius stops at nothing to advance his purpose. He wishes to throw all the odium he can upon Mr. Kean; he first, therefore, tells a specious tale about his unhandsome conduct in endeavouring to depress the efforts of Miss Byrne, and then he pronounces an inconsistent and extravagant eulogium on the talents of this young lady, in order that the prejudice of the public may be still further augmented against the tragedian.

We must not trespass on the patience of our readers, but we trust we have said enough to convince them that this "Statement" is partial and erroneous. Its literary merits are of a very poor order, and the way in which the author sometimes accomplishes his object of introducing praise is not sufficiently dextrous; not satisfied with calling Mr. Peter Moore one of "the most useful upright men on the Committee," he quotes a few words of his, and immediately subjoins, in a note:—"See Observations submitted to the Consideration of the Committee of Management of Drury Lane Theatre, by Mr. Peter Moore," published in 1817. The Observations are confined to a few pages, but are replete with good sense."—See the Appendix.

Not to prolong our remarks, we shall conclude by quoting the following agreeable "Impromptu, on hearing that the admission of a celebrated critic, named Peter, was stopped amongst others, by order of Mr. P. Moore*,"

* Inserted in "The British Stage."

"Have they" cried Tom, "with some surprise,
"Thrust Peter from the door?
"From Drury's scenes, if they are wise,
"They'll thrust one Peter More!"

which piece of advice we seriously recommend to the Sub-Committee, and so we take our leave of Publius and his work.
W. B.

Morier's Journey through Persia, &c.

(Concluded from our last, p. 407.)

THE great improvement in Persian tactics, by the introduction of European discipline, was most sensibly shown at the close of the last Russian campaign, and we hail with pleasure the formation of so formidable a barrier to the already gigantic power of Russia. Abbas Mirza, who may be considered as the first to make this improvement, described with great *naiveté* his motives for so doing:—

"He said, that he soon found out that it was in vain to fight the Russians without soldiers like theirs; that their artillery could only be opposed by artillery; and that all his efforts to make an impression upon them, with his undisciplined rabble, had uniformly been unsuccessful. His first essays in discipline were attended with little success, because he had, in the outset, to combat the prejudices of the Persian recruits themselves, who rejected the idea of being assimilated, in any manner, to *Firenges**, and particularly to Russians, whom their national hatred made them despise, or, perhaps, their fear caused them to hate, more than all other Europeans. To efface such impressions, the prince said that he himself was obliged to adopt a soldier's dress, and to submit to learn the military exercise from a Russian; that he commenced with twenty or thirty men at a time, whom he caused to be drilled in a separate court by themselves, in order that they might not be exposed to the ridicule of the populace; and that it was not until he had ordered his nobles to follow his example, and handle a musket, that he found his scheme making any progress."

Of the former military prowess of the Persians, the prince royal gives the following anecdote:—

"My father, the Shah, once besieged a fort, and had with him one gun, with only three balls; and even this was reckoned extraordinary. He fired off two of the balls at the fort, and then summoned it to surrender. The besieged, who knew that he had only one ball left, sent him this answer: 'For God's sake fire off your other ball at us, and then we shall be free of you altogether.'"

At Tabriz, the Persians have erected a machine for boring cannon, which is worked by a buffalo, and by which may be made guns of any description. Here

* Franks, Europeans, or Christians.—REV.

the gentlemen of the embassy found Mr. Brown, the European traveller, waiting their arrival. He had recently arrived from Smyrna, and purposed travelling to India; first visiting Balkh and Samarcand. Of the subsequent operations and death of this enterprising traveller, we have the following account:—

"A Mehmandar was to conduct him to Meshed; a firman from the king was to be issued to Mahomed Veli Mirza, prince governor of that city and of Khorassan, ordering that he should be protected and forwarded onwards to wherever the Persian jurisdiction extended. He was dressed as a Turk, and his disguise was complete. Knowing how much that nation is hated by the Persians, we intreated him not to travel in that dress, but to adopt either the English or the Persian; but, naturally enough, he conceived himself in safety until he should have reached Teheran, and he deferred making the exchange until then. He departed from Tabriz, escorted by two Persian servants, whom he had hired for the journey, and went to the king's camp at Ojan to meet his Mehmandar, and to get his firman and letters. He was there detained several days, and tired by the delay, he set off without his Mehmandar, who was to overtake him on the road. He had scarcely been gone a week, when one of his servants returned, saying that his master had been robbed and murdered. Upon investigation, we learnt, that on the fourth day's march from the camp, after having crossed the Kizzil Ozan river, he had been attacked by a party of ten Persian horsemen, who seized him and his servants, blindfolded them, tied their hands behind their backs, and carried them to a lonely valley, at some distance from the high-road. In the evening, they released the servants, but detained Mr. Brown, and placing him on horseback behind one of the robbers, carried him still farther away. They gave up his gun, pistols, clothes, box of books, astronomical instruments, &c. which were brought back to us by the servants, and took from him two hundred tomanes in gold."

The embassy having occasion to pass through Erivan, an opportunity was thus afforded for Mr. M. to inspect the fort which commands that town. It has the reputation of being the strongest in Persia, and a former failure of the Russians to take it by storm, has increased its fame an hundred fold, so much so, that the Serdar, talking of it, said very gravely, "If three or four of the kings of Fireng (Europe) were to unite to take this castle, they might just take the trouble of going back again, for their labour would be in vain." The war with Russia afforded a most romantic display of female heroism:—

"In one of the predatory excursions into Georgia, the Serdar made prisoner, and placed in his harem, a young Geor-

gian maid, who had been betrothed, and was on the point of marriage to a fine youth; the youth followed his mistress to Erivan, and having made known his arrival to her, they managed to escape for a short distance, but their steps were traced, and they were brought back. The lover was ordered to leave Erivan, and as he was going over the bridge of the Zengui, which flows at the bottom of the precipice, his mistress spied him, and threw herself down from the immense height, determining either to join him or to die in the attempt. Her fall was broken by the intervention of two willows, and she was taken up much bruised, but not very dangerously hurt. It must be told to the honour of the Serdar, that he did not carry his tyranny further, but restored the couple to each other, gave them their liberty, and protection to return to their homes."

Mr. M., after a rapid journey through Khorassan and part of Turkey, arrived at Constantinople on the 17th of December, 1816, at which period the Journal concludes.

The Appendix to this volume, unlike the *make-weight* which usually passes under that name, is equally valuable with the body of the work, and contains, among other highly interesting matter, some curious anecdotes of the Persian ambassador, Mirza Abul Hassan: of this prince, Mr. M.'s first Journal contains a biographical memoir.

Though not a scientific tourist, Mr. M. has fully succeeded in giving a most animated picture of the social condition and manners of the present race of Orientals, and, in point of antiquarian and Scriptural research, he has shown himself fully qualified for examining the materials so abundantly scattered over the face of this interesting country. We must now rather hastily take our leave of this work, which we hesitate not to consider as one of the most interesting books of travels which has appeared for many years.

ON ANNUAL PARLIAMENTS.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—Your Correspondent I Crus feels a high gratification in his entire coincidence with you in your judicious remark on the original language of the statutes, "relative to Annual Parliaments*." You will allow him to add, that it had not escaped his notice to consider, how far the omission of the article in the Norman French warranted the same conclusion to which he was led by the enactments of later date. He aimed only at informing, by his observations, the more limited class of your readers, "who were unable to investigate the subject to any great extent;" and with

no higher view, it appeared sufficient to treat the question in the manner at the same time the most simple, and most favourable to the advocates of the opposite side, without entering into the additional arguments which might be drawn from the distinction, you very correctly refer to, between the original and the translation. Upon the same principle he omitted to mention the 1st of W. & M. sess. 2. ch. 2. which enacts, "That for redress of all grievances, and for the amending, strengthening, and preserving of the laws, Parliaments ought to be held frequently," as being too vague to allow any just conclusion; and preferred commencing with the 4 Ed. 3. rather than with the ordinances of the 5th of Ed. 2., directing "Parliaments to be held yearly," inasmuch as they were revoked by the 15th of the same king. For your further use, and subject to such compression as will least tend to occupy the place of more valuable communications, are added the words of the original:—

4 Ed. 3. 14.—"Ensement est accordé qe Parlement soit tenu chescun an une foitz, ou plus si mestiersoit."

35 Ed. 3. 10.—"Item, pur maintenance des ditz articles et estatutz, et redresser divers me-chiefs et grevances qe vieignent de jour en autre, soit Parlement tenuz* chescun an, sicome autrefoitz estoit ordeigné par estatut." I Crus.

P. S. The original language is taken from the Statutes at Large, to which alone I can at present refer, but, as far as I recollect, it is correct. I should much wish to see the attention of yourself, or the more learned of your readers, called to the concluding paragraph of my observations, which is not free from doubt.

ON THE SAME.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—Your Correspondent, I Crus†, appears to have surmounted "all" the difficulty he found in discussing this question, with much facility—*per saltum*, I was about to say, only the expression was too verbally apposite to be complimentary, or even courteous enough for the style in which I would reflect upon a person I conceive to be in error.

A clause in the 16th Car. 1., is referred to by your Correspondent as an exposition of the term *holden*, and of the question consequent upon it, "whether the intention of the legislature was to regulate the *intermission of sitting*, or the *duration*, of Parliaments."

Your Correspondent observes, "this act recites, that 'by former statutes, Parliaments ought to be holden once a year,' and enacts *that they be observed*; and, to prevent the inconveniences arising from the *non-observance* thereof, further enacts that a continuance by prorogation or adjournment, or an adjournment or proroga-

tion for three years, shall be a dissolution," &c.

I have taken the liberty to underline the above words, to point attention to a combination between the clauses of the sentence containing them, which, by some means or other, seems to have escaped your Correspondent. "And here," he proceeds, "our difficulty vanishes; the old statutes are to be observed, and, as a consequence, Parliament to be holden every year; but, at the same time, they are not to continue beyond three years."

Now the statute expressly declares, in the preceding extract, that the triennial limitation is an expedient, vested in certain authorities for the people, only to be used when the "old statutes" are *not* observed, and only then after they have not been observed for three years. If, therefore, this same statute is to be taken for a definition of the term *holden*, as used in the old statutes for the regulation of Parliaments, the conclusion, I submit, is in favour of the *vulgar* opinion connected therewith.

Your Correspondent seems to have decided this question, without making any question of it, at least without treating it as one; otherwise, perhaps, he might have unravelled this difficulty with equal, though less surprising, facility.

The distinction between the *intermission* and the *duration* of Parliaments, I conceive, is only important as it may be affected by the interpretation of the word *holden*. If the enactments of the Edwards, Richard II., &c. affect the duration of Parliaments, it must also affect the intermission of them; but the case is not *vice versa*.

Have the old statutes, then, an immediate reference to the intermission or the duration of Parliament? I think not the latter, because, whenever I reflect that the remonstrances and petitions of the Commons, which produced those enactments, were addressed to the monarch (with, I believe, one exception,) during sessions, it does not seem probable that the entire grievance complained of was the long intermission of their sittings; for that must have been then already redressed as well as it could be, and it is not after the past has been indemnified, that men are the most eager to obtain security for the future. The 50th of Ed. III sets forth that the Parliament's demand or petition is, "That a Parliament may be *holden* every year; the knights of the Parliament be chosen by the whole counties, and that the sheriffs be without brokage in court." The king's answer is, "to the Parliament there are statutes made therefore; to the sheriffs there is answer made; to the knights it is agreed that they shall be chosen by common consent of every county."—*Cott.* p. 138.

The meaning of the term *holden*, in the above record, I think, can hardly be doubtful to an unprejudiced mind. This document, however, it will be observed, like many others of equal importance, does not appear in your Correspondent's notice of "the various enactments on the subject, from Magna Charta up to the present period." I do not mean to im-

* See LITERARY JOURNAL, No. 23, p. 391.

* Qu. tenu?

† See LITERARY JOURNAL, No. 23, p. 361.

pute to your Correspondent any designed partiality; and although the 4th Ed. III does not appear in Cotton's Abridgment, I have no doubt but he is perfectly correct in what he has quoted, and that what he did not quote was an oversight. for there are three statutes of Ed. III on the subject; the 36th of that king runs as follows: "The point touching the yearly holding of a Parliament, cap. 10., agreeth with the record." Now the print is, "Item, for maintenance of the said articles and statutes, and redress of divers mischiefs which daily happen, a Parliament shall be holden every year, as another time was ordained by statute." *Cott.* p. 93.

My object for referring to books was not to take an inquisition upon your Correspondent's data, but in fact to answer your objection to the article *a.* for I have often observed considerable difference between the Latin and English words, and the original French; instance Magna Charta itself.

In the 5th of the Second Edward, the article is omitted, but then it is therein ordained, "Que Parliament sera tenu un ou deux foits per an." This holding of Parliaments might either have been sessional or otherwise; but I would protest against making it merely a literary question, although I am willing to give and take the benefit of a doubt whereon any can be fairly urged, always observing, notwithstanding, that a doubt cannot determine a conclusion on either side; for it is very much a practice with certain disputants, if they can but make one appear so, to take advantage of it that the question may be decided favourably to their own predilections.

There is one circumstance, in point, which seems deserving notice of any person who would undertake to decide the long-pending controversy on this subject. Is it not pretty clearly ascertained, that while the laws above referred to were un- infringed on, that annual elections, or at least elections annually, were practised by our ancestors? If so, I think no better exposition of the intentions of the legislators need be desired.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

Lyon's Inn, Sept. 2.

J—.

ON THE SAME.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—The subject of Annual Parliaments, of which your Correspondent I C TUS seems, by your last number*, to have formed, with a single exception, so correct a view, is one, which, although actually comprized within a very small compass, it would be difficult sufficiently to dilate, so as to combat all the misapprehension that has been adopted respecting it. Much of this has, no doubt, been owing to the ignorance and illiterateness of those who have become converts to a fanciful theory; but still more, I fear, may be attributed to the wilful deception, or to the obstinate errors of others, who, for the purpose of giving a watchword to a faction, first pro-

pagated their unconstitutional doctrine. As I do not address myself, however, either to the authors or the followers of this political heresy, I will content myself, with your permission, by taking that short view of the question, to which, I think, it may be confined. And, in doing this, I hope I may be excused, if I occasionally advert to the remarks made by your Correspondent.

That "Parliaments or general councils are," as Blackstone observes, "coeval with the kingdom itself" can hardly be doubted. They existed, at least, in the time of the Conqueror*; under the reign of Alfred†, and during the Heptarchy‡; but their particular constitution and mode of assembling, at those remote periods, are by no means so clear; nor, indeed, would the discovery of the truth, in these matters, be attended with any obvious utility. Yet it may be mentioned, by the way, although it establishes no point in dispute, that "King Alfred," as we learn from the Mirror in the passage above cited, "ordained for a perpetual usage, that these councils should meet twice in the year or oftener, if need be, to treat of the government of God's people."

It must be sufficient, however, for our present purpose, to go as far back only as the first institution of Parliament in its present form, which may, with propriety, be dated from the year 1215, when the Great Charter was extorted from John. For, although Delolme fixes the origin of our present House of Commons eighty years later, yet it appears certain, that the principles, at least, of our constitution, as it is now vested in the three estates of the realm, were settled by the charter of John. And there are still extant, writs summoning knights, citizens, and burgesses, to Parliament, in the 40th year of Henry III, A. D. 1266. But it is somewhat singular, by the way, that the first instance of this practice should be found in a period of usurpation§.

The earliest notice which our statute-book takes of the sittings of Parliament, is, as your correspondent observes, in the 4 Edw. 3, c. 14, the words of which are "Ensement est accordé, qe PARLEMENT SOIT TENU chescun an une foitz, ou plus si mestier soit." Then follows the statute of the 36 Edw. III, c. 10, which enacts, "Soit PARLEMENT TENUZ chescun an, sicome autre-foitz ordeigné par estatut." And, upon consulting the Parliamentary Records in the 50th year of the same reign||, we shall find it expressly declared, that Parliament should be absolutely holden every year, without referring to the contingency, apparently implied in the expression, "if need be," used in the first statute. The ambiguity, therefore, in these two enact-

ments, adverted to by your Correspondent, is thus cleared. Yet all that was positively enacted, was, undoubtedly, only that Parliament should be annually holden, and by no means that it should be annually dissolved.

The next document of importance is a petition from the Commons, in the first year of Richard II, that Parliament should be holden once a year at the least. The words are, "Que plesse a ure dit Sr ce TENIR PARLEMENT un foitz par en un neyuz, en ce li u convenable*." To this the king replied, that, as to the annual holding of Parliament, the "statutes thereon should be kept and preserved." And, accordingly, he summoned Parliament next year. The words "tenir Par- lement," here used by the Commons, are, it will be observed, the same as those adopted by the statutes already noticed. And as the word "Parlement" was, at that period, used invariably to denote a ses- sion, it can hardly be doubted, that it had that meaning on the present occasion. Hitherto, then, we may reasonably con- clude that the statutes related only to the assembling, and not to the election, of Par- liaments, which continued to exist, as be- fore, at the discretion of the crown, and frequently as Blackstone observes, "lasted for the life of the prince who convened them†."

The statutory enactment, next in order, is the 15th Cha. I, c. 1, which was passed on account of the long previous disconti- nuance of the meeting of Parliament. This, indeed, is made sufficiently manifest by the title of the statute, which is called "An act for the preventing of Inconve- niences happening by the long Inter- mission of Parliaments." I cannot, there- fore, agree with your Correspondent in thinking, that this act also "regulated their duration." There is nothing in the words of it, that I can discover, to justify such a conclusion. All that it appears to me to have contemplated was, that there should not be more than a certain interval between the sittings of Parliament, the du- ration of which was, however, still left to the king's discretion. The act of Charles II was likewise to the same purpose, not affecting the duration of Parliament, but merely limiting the intermissions between its respective meetings or sessions, which it enacts, were "not to be intermitted or discontinued above three years at the most." The particular object, however, of this statute, was to restore to the crown the prerogative which had been, in some degree, wrested from it by the preceding one. And, accordingly, the last-men- tioned act was repealed. The statute of Charles II, it may be further observed, takes no notice of those of Edw. III, but merely writes, that "Parliaments were held very often;" whence we may con- clude, that the custom of holding session every year had grown into considerable disuse. And thus the statute of 1 William and Mary, s. 2, c. 2, which is not notice

* Year Book, 21 Edw. 3, 63, where it ap- pears, that an Act of Parliament, made in the Conqueror's reign, was judicially pleaded and allowed.

† Mirror, c. 1, § 3.

‡ Fleta, l. 2, c. 2.

§ I allude to the temporary usurpation of Montford, Earl of Leicester.

|| See Rot. Parl. No. 195.

* Rot. Parl. No. 195.

† Bla. Com. vol. 1, p.

* See Number 23, p. 341.

by your correspondent, declares it to be one of the rights of the people, that "Parliaments ought to be held *frequently*," without any reference to annual meetings.

We come now to the statute of 6 William and Mary, c. 2, commonly called the *Triennial Act*, and which provides, that "no Parliament shall have a longer continuance than for three years at the farthest." Here, then, is the first notice taken of the duration of Parliaments, which was thus limited to three years, a period afterwards extended to seven by the 1 Geo. 1, c. 38, and which was deemed necessary by the legislature on account of the particular emergency of the times.

If, then, we are to confine ourselves to the statute-book in the examination of this question, (and I do not see how we can travel beyond it without involving ourselves in an endless labyrinth,) there appear to be two classes, into which its enactments may naturally be divided,—the first *declaratory*, and the other *remedial*. The former set of statutes, *viz.* those of Edw. III and the 1st of William and Mary, merely *declare* the periods, at which Parliaments shall sit for the dispatch of business, without reference to their duration, while not actually so employed, that being left to the will of the crown, where the constitution had before placed it. The other class of statutes, comprizing all that were enacted besides, may be denominated *remedial*, although, perhaps, not strictly in the technical sense of the word. And of these some again are *restraining* statutes, and the last alone an *enlarging* one. The statutes of Charles I and Charles II *restrain* the intermissions that had taken place in the assembling of Parliaments, while the act of the 6th of William and Mary *restrains* their duration: yet all of them aiming only at the coercion of the royal prerogative where it had interfered with the rights of the people, whether by an undue extension of the intermission, or of the duration of Parliament. This restraint, however, was afterwards somewhat *enlarged* by the statute of Geo. I, usually styled the Septennial Act. Yet this was still a *remedial* act, and confined the prerogative to bounds which were unknown to it before the sixth year of William and Mary.

The view I have thus taken of the subject, presents us with a kind of contest between the crown and the people, the latter insisting on their right to the *annual meeting* of Parliament, and the former, although occasionally acknowledging the right, taking frequent opportunities of infringing upon it,—until the matter is at length settled by a sort of intermediate compromise between the extreme incroachment upon this privilege by the crown, on the one hand, and the strict exercise of it by the people upon the other. Thus have the latter consented to a relaxation, at least in theory, of their original right, while the sovereign has, unquestionably, surrendered a portion of his ancient prerogative*.

ORDOVEX.

Sept. 2nd, 1818.

* From what I have observed in the con-

ON THE SAME,

AND ON RADICAL REFORM.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—The two statutes, quoted by your Correspondent, in English*, on which the advocates for annual parliaments rest their claims, are these:—

"Ensement est acordé qe Parlement soit tenu chescun an une foitz, ou plus si mestier soit." 4 Edw. 3.

"Item, par maintenance des ditz articles et estatutz, et redresser diverses meschies et grevances qe vieignent de jour en autre, soit Parlement tenuz chescun an, si come autrefoitz esteit ordeigné par estatut." 36 Edw. 3.

These statutes direct only that Parliament be held once a-year or oftener: just, indeed, as it is at present. In a petition of the Commons (1 Rich. 2.) they pray that Parliament be held, *at least*, once a-year. "Que plesse a nre dit Sr de tenir parlement un foetz par an meynz." With this passage before his eyes, it is surprising that the patriarch of freedom, the venerable Major Cartwright, should be so moderate in his demands as to ask only for annual parliaments, when he might, with equal foundation, claim them half yearly or quarterly! But he has told us, that he has been too much engaged in the study of the English constitution, to attend to the Latin language†; and the same attachment to his country has most likely prevented him from attending to the old French. The fact is, that, throughout the ancient records, the word "Parliament" is applied, indifferently, to a single session of that body, or to the whole duration of its authority, from the return of the writ to its final dissolution. It may be observed, that the application of this word to the great assembly of the nation is comparatively of recent date (Hen 3.) and that it signified originally nothing more than "a conference." Thus, in Wykes's Chronicle, we find—"Rex Edwardus habiturus parliamentum cum Lewellino principe;" i. e. "King Edward about to hold parliament with Prince Lewellin."

Your readers will, perhaps, be amused to hear some specimens of the etymological learning which has been expended upon this word. Lord Coke derives it from "*parler la ment*"—"to speak one's mind," as every good member of Parliament, says he, ought. According to Lambard, it is compounded of the Latin words *parium* and *lamentum*, i. e. "lamentation

cluding sentence, it may be perceived, that I concur with your Correspondent as to the "period of intermission" being now *legally* "fixed at three years." Yet, on account of the number of acts, which it is necessary to renew annually, such a suspension of the legislative powers becomes in a manner impossible. The people, therefore, in point of *practice*, retain all, to which they were ever entitled, which is, that *Parliament should meet every year*.

* Lit. Journ. No. 23, p. 361.

† This excuse was alleged, by the worthy major, when he was detected construing "*Brevia parliamentaria rediviva*"—"Short Parliaments restored!"

of peers;" because, says he, "the peers of this realm did at these assemblies lament and complain, each to the other, of the enormities of the country." Whether there was really so much weeping and gnashing of teeth in our old Parliaments, as this etymology would lead us to suppose, it is impossible to say: certainly the petitions of the Commons, in those days, were of a very plaintive and doleful cast; as, "Vos poveres Communes prient et supplient"—"your poor Commons beg and pray;" and "Pur Dieu & en oeuvre de charité"—for God's sake and as an act of charity," &c. &c. This, however, has been justly called "a sad etymology," and a learned writer has since proposed another*. He forms it of two Celtic words—*parley* and *ment*. The former is still in use for *talk*; the latter means *abundance*, and the two compounded give us "Abundance of talking." Thus we have three appropriate sources of derivation, *viz.* freedom of language, querulous lamentations, and long speeches; and the members of both houses are respectfully left to decide, whether they choose to be styled from the abusiveness, the deplorableness, or the tediousness of their harangues!

Allow me to offer a few concluding remarks on the well-worn topic of Radical Reform. Against the abstract principle of reformation and improvement no reasonable man ever argued. The reigns of the last and the present king present a series of statutes, on the subject of elections, sufficient to convince any one, who has read them, that, on this head, the legislature cannot fairly be charged with neglect; yet, it is a lamentable fact, that these wholesome enactments have not been able to eradicate corruption: for undue influence arises, not so much from defective laws, as from the natural weakness of mankind, and he who would effectually suppress the one, must first extirpate the other. But while we sanction every useful measure of amendment, that is consistent with the safety and order of society, let us not heedlessly listen to those who would wholly re-organize the system of representation. A Roman emperor is said to have given the philosopher Plotinus a ruined town in Greece, that he might make the experiment of Plato's republic upon it. Let us recollect that ours is not a country on which speculative ingenuity is at liberty to exercise its invention. It is not a "*carte blanche*," on which presumptuous ignorance may "*scribble whatever it pleases*†." We will not submit that our constitution should be considered only as a pliable mass, to be moulded to the varying fancy of every thoughtless or designing adventurer; nor will we consent, by adopting schemes of untried policy, to risk the security of that government under which we enjoy all rational freedom, and which has subsisted and flourished, in its present form, for more than five hundred years.

P. Q.

* Author of "*Observations on the Statutes*"

† See Burke's Reflections

WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—The newspapers of the day have, in their very limited reports of Law Proceedings, shortly noticed the case of Crawshay; the discussion was upon a point of constitutional doctrine. I am not aware of any publication having hitherto noticed it in that view,—should it be consistent with your plans to set the example, the inclosed is submitted to you, to be inserted as it is, or to assist you in making your own observations on the subject, at your option or leisure. You will see that it is intended only for that limited class of your readers to whom the former communication, which you indulged me by inserting, was addressed. Your obedient servant,

I C TUS.

WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS.

THE knowledge of our constitutional rights cannot be too widely extended. Every new decision on the subject is too important to be confined to the reports of the lawyer. The following observations therefore, need no apology.

The writ of Habeas Corpus is the great charter of our personal liberty. It was a part of the common law of the land in its earliest days. Let us trace its progress.

In all cases of illegal imprisonment, this writ was issuable, of right, by the judges and the lord chancellor. My Lord Coke* held the power of the judges to grant it, to be confined to the period of term-time; for their courts are supposed then only to be open. He held the power of the lord chancellor to extend to the vacation; for the Court of Chancery is presumed to be always sitting. My Lord Nottingham† acknowledged no such extended power in the chancellor. In those days, however, the exercise of this right was uncertain. It is from the reign of Charles the Second we date the grand confirmation of this liberty of the subject. In the reign of Charles the First, indeed, the petition of right, and the 16th of that king, ch. 10. admitted this just privilege. It was, however, revoked by the 31 Cha. II. ch. 2; the power of the judges, as well as of the chancellor, was in all criminal cases, except treason and felony, extended to the vacation: the period of application was, however, extended to two terms. By the 56th of the present reign, ch. 100, this power is extended to "other than criminal cases," and no limit fixed to the application. The point of difference between my Lord Coke and my Lord Nottingham remained undecided.

The distinction is important,—adopt the position of my Lord Nottingham, these statutes are inactive, and the period of application to the Chancellor, in the vacation, is limited to two terms. Confirm the opinion of my Lord Coke, they are, as to the chancellor, merely declaratory; they

leave his power unaltered, the period of application to him unlimited.

Nearly a century and a half has now elapsed, and the recent decision of one whose legal talents and political integrity require only to be named, to be duly appreciated, has set the point at rest. My Lord Eldon* has confirmed the power of the chancellor, during the vacation, to be at common law. The determination of his lordship is in favour of the subject.

I C TUS.

THE LAMENT OF COMALA;

AN ORIGINAL TRANSLATION FROM THE GAELIC.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—Having accidentally met with an old Gaelic ballad, in a late visit to the Highlands, and having some knowledge of the language, I attempted its translation, and to my astonishment found it to be the self same tale told in a dramatic form, in the first volume of Macpherson's translation of Ossian. The story there is evidently incomplete. The only difference in this lies in the latter part, where a more striking termination is given. Below I have written my translation of that part; whether the poem I have discovered is the genuine work of Ossian, or the production of some later bard, it would be now difficult to determine. If you should deem my translation worthy insertion in the columns of your Journal, I shall feel highly gratified. I am, Sir, your's, &c.

August 12, 1818.

A PICR.

[AFTER having related the apparent death of Comala in almost the same words as given in Macpherson's translation, the distressed Fingal breaks out in the following lament.]

Thou art fled, maid of sorrow, thou art fled, and the paleness of death hangs on thy brow; colder than the snows of Arden is thy cheek, fair daughter of Sarno! Wherefore hast thou gone, lovely flower, and why hast thou left us thus alone? Oh that the son of Comhal† had been low in the battle field, oh that his shield had been cleft by the sword of Caracul! These are the words of Fingal, as his salt tears bedew the corse of Comala; but his eye was terrible when it glanced on the form of Hidallan! The gloomy chief vanished from the fury of the king. "Farewell, daughter of Sarno, thy eyes were once bright as the sun-beam when it danced on the waves of Carun‡; farewell, daughter of Sarno, why art thou still as the grave of our forefathers? Thy words were as sweet as the morn, when heaven breathes its fragrance around; but now art

thou silent as death, and thy Fingal can hear thee no more. Farewell, lovely daughter of Sarno; farewell!" Thus spoke the mighty king of Selma, as the virgins bore away the blue-eyed Comala; but his words passed over her like the wind over the desert, and she heeded them not. The corse of the daughter of woe was strewed with the flowers of the vale, and the hoary dweller of the rock* was there, to rest her troubled spirit. Slowly moved the mourners of Comala, as they bore her towards the hall of Sarno. The thistle bent down its head in grief, the green leaves of the forest whispered of their sorrow, and the dew dropped as tears for the loss of Comala.

Harken to the echoing shrieks that pour from the shadowy grove! It is the voice of the dark-haired maidens who mourn their leader gone: "She has left us, the huntress of Arden is low; raise the sound of mourning, and let the hills hear our lamentation, let the voice of grief glide over the smooth surface of Carun. Thou, blue-eyed chaser of the deer! return to us again, let the clang of thy bow-string be again heard in our forests. Ah! thou hearest us not; loveliest of flowers, thy drooping head will never be raised again. Sun of beauty, thou art set in darkness, and the daughters of the forest will never again enjoy thy radiance."

Wearied were the mourners of Comala, as they bore her down the hill of their sorrow; they had placed their lovely burthen on the mossy softness of a bank, and were binding up her tresses, borne on the night blast as it came whistling over the cold dark heath: when lo! her blue eyes opened wildly! around she gazed, and madness was in her look. Up started the daughter of Sarno—"Whither do ye drag me? Why, oh ye cruel ones, would ye tear me from my love? Ye stand around me with wonder in your eyes! Do ye wonder if the dove pines when torn from her mate? Do ye wonder if the bough withers when riven from the oak? Oh thou chief of the mighty sword, thou who fightest against the king of the world†! why have they torn me from thy arms? I will seek thee in the gloom of the forest, and on the barren heath, over rock and over dell I will trace the footsteps of my beloved Fingal." Swiftly did the wretched daughter of Sarno vanish from the astonished virgins, and her thin form was soon lost in darkness. Some say that she gave her fair limbs to the silvery waves of Carun; others say that the blue-eyed Comala still wanders in the forest of Arden, where each rock and cave still echoes with the name of her love; but the grey-haired dweller of the rock has told us that she dwells happy in the land of our forefathers, where there are no wolves to destroy the lamb of the fold, where the deer is seen in every thicket, where the sun always shines and the spring-flower is for ever in blossom.

* 13 July, 1818. In the case of Crawshay, a bankrupt, (not reported.)

† Fingal. It will be remembered that he had just returned from fighting the army of Caracul, who is supposed to be Caracalla, the Roman Chief, and the son of the Emperor Severus.

‡ Now the Carron, falling into the Forth, near Falkirk.

* Probably the Druids are alluded to under this name.

† The Roman Emperor.

* 2 Inst. 53. 4 Inst. 51. 290.

† MS. Reports, in the celebrated case of Jenks, 1675. State Trials, vol. 7. 171.

ON FROGS.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

Sir,—The aversion to this harmless little animal is very prevalent. In our country, the antipathy to it is in a degree interwoven with our national prejudices. Goldsmith's wooden-legged soldier hated the French "because they wore wooden shoes," and perhaps many of his comrades entertained as great an aversion to them because "they ate frogs." Frogs were amongst the plagues sent into Egypt; the Romans, too, in the days of Augustus, had a secret horror of them, though from a different cause. The money-bills of Mæcenas were sealed with his seal, bearing that impression; and Pliny tells us that, "Mæcenas Rana propter collationem pecuniarum in majus terrore erat."

A-propos of frogs,—(the modern use of this word seldom intimates much connection.)—I send you a Gascon's Bill of Fare for the week:—

Dimanche, une esclauche;
Lundi, froide, et salade;
Mardi, j'aime la grillade;
Mercredi, bachee;
Jeudi, bon pour la capillade;
Vendredi, point de gras;
Samedi, qu'on me casse les os, et que les chiens se crèveront des restes de mon mouton.

I am, Sir, Your obedient servant,
AN EPICURE.

ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

Sir,—In looking over a file of newspapers, for the year 1791, I met with the following facts in Natural History; should they be sufficiently curious to merit a place in your entertaining miscellany, you may, perhaps, again hear from
Peele's Coffee House.

W.

THERE is now in the possession of Mr. Wood, of Mortly, Worcestershire, a Mare which was the property of his great-grandfather ten years, his grandfather seventeen, his father twenty-five, and himself four years.

A Goose, belonging to a respectable farmer, at Muscoates, near Kirkbymoorside, died a few days ago at the great age of thirty-two years. In the first twenty-five years of its life it brought up five hundred goslings, and afterwards became blind. It is deserving of remark, and very creditable to the party, that a female servant, who had taken care of the bird on its being hatched, continued in service with the family during the whole of its life, and buried it with its feathers on.

A very curious rencounter took place at Lerwick in Scotland, lately. In harvest last, as a tenant of James Henderson, Esq. of Gardy, was driving the cows to the hill, he was attacked by a large Eagle, who struck at him repeatedly. The poor old man, who was near 90, defended himself with a bludgeon which he was carrying in his hand, and gave the Eagle repeated

strokes. The Eagle, however, did not desist until he got hold of the old man's cap, which he carried off, seeming in triumph, and left his antagonist standing with his bald head, so fatigued that he was scarcely able to return home.

FRAGMENTS
OF A TOUR IN ITALY.

No. II.

VALLONBROSA.—LAVERNA.—CONVENTUAL HOSPITALITY.—TRANSPARENT ATMOSPHERE OF ITALY.

As a specimen of Italian mountain-travelling, I shall give a short account of a little journey to the convent Laverna, from which I am just returned. I took no person with me but one servant, an active fellow and very good walker. With a sun that might have been called hot, we mounted the bare heights right of the source of the Mugnone, and when at an elevation little short of Monte Senario, looked down towards the other side, hoping to discover a glen that would have led us to the Sieve; the appearance was not promising, presenting a ridgy country, with deep hollows, all tending towards the Arno. These we might have avoided, by keeping the ridge of the mountains to the northward, but then we should have come down into the valley of the Sieve above Dicomano, and must have followed the great bend the river makes there. I thought it still best not to encounter the glens, and with much labour and difficulty we crossed some, threaded others, in all, not less than six or seven. At last they were all passed, and we descended by some beautiful slopes, and spots of careful cultivation, into the valley of the Sieve, fortunately finding a boat ready to take us over the water. Leaving Pelago to the right, we mounted the long and steep ascent of two hours, to the convent of Vallombrosa. In the deep shade of the forest of pines, night came on, and we groped our way, by finding, with the iron point of my staff, the sound of the pavement. Very near to the convent, I fortunately perceived that we were getting a little too much to the right. Had we not been aware of this, we should have passed on through the wood, and spent the night among the rocks in the upper part of this huge mountain. Vallombrosa, which, with its contour, I still think, presents the grandest union of the natural and artificial I have ever seen, affords, at the same time, a striking picture of fallen greatness. Once rich and honoured, it possessed all the

surrounding country, was the seat of wealth, hospitality, perhaps luxury; now, not for want of willingness, but means, the way-worn traveller, in vain, asks for a mouthful of bread, or a drop of milk! It was lucky we had a provision of meat and tea with us. Fire is the only comfort here: my servant sat by it all night, and I should have been wiser had I done the same.

We had now to take leave of the genial warmth of the valley, and next morning the weather was unpromising. We sat out at half past seven, and in three hours arrived at the Consuma, a wretched looking place, near the summit of the high ridge separating the Sieve valley from that of the Upper Arno. I procured, however, some bread, and one glass of milk; and, what was worth more, a man who knew the way well to Laverna, eight hours walk, or about twenty-four miles distance, offered to conduct us thither for two paolos (tenpence) a-day. This was of the more consequence, as the Maremma fever then raged at Bebbiena and Pappi, in the valley, so that it was necessary to avoid those places. It was dreadfully cold on the ridge of the mountain, and, before we halted to dinner, began to rain. Here and elsewhere, we saw not only dozens but hundreds of people, employed by the government to make a new road, which they perform in a most masterly manner. Leaving Pappi and Bibbiena to the right, about six miles before Laverna, the great and continued ascent commences, still the end only varies by being more or less steep. The rain and wind now became excessive, and it was a complete after-taste of Alpine travelling; clouds involving us, and snow lying and falling on the upper parts of the mountains. We hastened our steps, and about the edge of dark, after eleven hours walking, wet and cold, were cheered by seeing, through the driving cloud, the convent, close by. We rung the bell; a tall Franciscan, in his sable habit, slowly opening the ponderous door, presented a grotesque aspect, well adapted to the place and circumstances. After some questions, he led us through three dark-vaulted and long passages and a winding staircase, to another door, where a second bell was rung, and we were again announced. My recommendatory letter was delivered, and we were conducted into a large high apartment. Now the comforts began. The first and best was a fire, consisting of about as many faggots as a mule could carry, and about twelve pieces of wood, two yards long, and thicker than a man's body. This furnace was maintained during all the time

of my stay. They also, for the first time in my life, clad me in the dark Franciscan habit, and a very warm comfortable thing it is! In no long time, a good supper was produced, soup, fish, and vegetables. Unluckily, this and the next day were fast-days; but on Sunday, I had good meat; always chocolate for breakfast; a dinner to take with us when we set off; a most excellent bed, in short, every thing that hospitality could afford. When all the brethren are at home, there are about seventy; some, agreeable well-informed men. I attended mass three times, but was excused from the midnight one, which never fails to be held, and well attended. The situation of Laverna is one of the finest things I have ever seen, whether discerned through the clouds and tempests that environed us the first day I spent there, or in the fine clear weather we enjoyed the second day. It is, as it were, nested in a stupendous group of limestone rocks, projecting out of the upper part of a huge mountain, thrown together in the strangest confusion and most fantastic forms, partly quite bare, partly overhung with venerable pines, chesnut, and beech trees, of great size and age, and partly intermixed with plots of sweet herbage. Winding up the pass, almost as steep as a staircase, the right-hand rocks have very much the appearance of the rugged side of Castleton Wiaryats, only sprinkled with some trees. Near the house, and to the left, is an enormous and perpendicular mass, almost disjointed from the rest, by a profound fissure, very much like that above the Old Bath at Matlock, in which is a small chapel, on the spot where St. Francisco is said to have had his favourite cell. To the back of the convent, rocks, intermixed with stately pines, rise very steep, for a mile, to the summit ridge, which terminates in a precipice much like Matlock High Tor, looking down into a most hideous abyss. The second day, with fine clear sky, I mounted this and another apex, from which last, the waters, parting, run northward towards the Arno, and those southwards form one of the remote sources of the Tiber. With peculiar interest I traced the rise and progress of that far-famed stream. It ran, through an elevated and not very romantic valley, for about fifteen miles, then, turning rather westward, was withdrawn from the view. Here I had a striking example of the amazing stretch of Italian prospects. I have previously mentioned that from the heights near Florence are seen three snowy and elevated ridges of the Appenines; one near the confines

of Modena, one near those of Parma, the third towards the Genoese, north of the Gulf of Spezia. Now, though these are two days journey from Florence, and though I had retired from them, in the opposite direction, about fifty miles further, still they appeared full as distinct from hence, and apparently not very much more remote! In the opposite direction, I discovered, with delight and astonishment, a still higher and more distant ridge of the Appenines, covered with snow quite to the lowest visible part. These are of the chain separating the Roman States, to the east of Rome from the Neapolitan province of Further Abruzzo, in which Monta Corno is said to have an altitude of above nine thousand feet. I discovered one, to the south, greater and higher than the rest, in form and whiteness much resembling Mount Blanc; whether this were Monta Corno, or not, I was unable to learn. On my return, I had beautifully clear, but sharp frosty weather; the climate in the interior of the Appenines being certainly colder than upon the English mountains: during the winter, snowdrops and crocuses were in full bloom and profusion on the heights above Vallombrosa and Laverna. Avoiding the public house, on account of the fever, I returned to Vallombrosa, and took, this time, the way over the summit of the mountains, I should think about six thousand feet high. The sun, about half an hour before setting, was beautifully reflected on the waters of the Mediterranean, and I clearly saw the amazingly distant peaks of Corsica.

Florence, March 12th, 1817. I. F.

A VISIT TO CLAREMONT.

THE permission so kindly given by his Royal Highness Prince Leopold to the public, to visit the house, park, and gardens of Claremont, during his absence on the Continent, continues to induce the influx of immense crowds from all parts of the country to the village of Esher, from whence to the park gate it is but a short walk. During the last week the roads leading to the village presented an unprecedented appearance of gaiety and bustle, and to those unacquainted with the object of attraction would lead to the conclusion that some extraordinary festival was about to be celebrated. On no former occasion, perhaps, did the innkeepers of Esher reap a harvest so ample as they are now gathering. There were disappointments, however, which arose from persons arriving at the desired spot, and

at the very threshold of gratification, without being prepared with proper tickets of admission. Many had come from distant counties, and were reluctantly obliged to depart, and wait until, by regular application, their wishes could be accomplished. To avoid this inconvenience, it is only necessary to write a letter to Mr. Phillips, the house steward, who is resident on the premises, and who never fails to grant the necessary ticket. There is, however, a distinction in the tickets which it may be proper to notice. Some only entitle the bearers to admission to the park and gardens, while others include the house. The principle upon which this distinction is made it is not difficult to understand; but the fact not being generally known, produced some dissatisfaction, and led to observations upon what was termed an invidious and mortifying selection of persons, which upon such an occasion it might be desirable to prevent*. It is but justice to state, that the reception of those who are attracted to these delightful scenes, rendered sacred by the melancholy catastrophe of which they have been the theatre, is most polite and attentive†. Upon your arrival at the park gate, you present your ticket, which generally authorises the admission of yourself and friends, to the porter, who, upon registering your name as a visitor, and returning the ticket, directs you the way to the house, which is situated nearly in the centre of the park. The building itself stands upon an eminence, with an elegant portico in front, to which you ascend by a flight of stone steps. On reaching the entrance, you are received by several pages in waiting, who, on examining your ticket, and ascertaining your title to admission within the walls, introduce you to the first of a suite of four rooms, furnished in a style of great neatness and tasteful elegance, but exhibiting nothing of that magnificence which might be supposed to belong to a royal residence. The first room is a parlour on the right of the

* See the letter of our Correspondent, VICTOR, in Number 24, page 373. The distinction of persons, which is made, seems to be an ill-advised one. All ranks have sympathized with Prince Leopold. It would be better, we think, to select the days, and shut the gates against all, on Sundays and Mondays, if the numbers should be found too great for convenience.

† It having been stated in a London newspaper, that money is exacted or received by the servants at Claremont, Mr. Phillips, the house steward, has addressed a letter to the editors of several papers, requesting that the charge, if true, may be substantiated against any particular servant, and not left as a stigma upon the whole establishment.

hall, in which there are many cabinets and tablets of curious workmanship; the walls are adorned principally with portraits, the most conspicuous of which are the full length portraits of Prince Leopold and the late Princess Charlotte, which are situated opposite to each other at the ends of the room. There are also in this room her Royal Highness's harp and piano. Mention is made of some music of her Royal Highness's own copying, having been, in the first instance, open to inspection; but this is no longer to be seen. We understand the execution of these copies is most exquisite. Each piece is accompanied by a drawing, also the work of her Royal Highness, illustrative of the character of the performance, whether serious or gay; and this generally consists of the human figure, represented in some situation appropriate to the idea meant to be conveyed. From this chamber you pass into the dining-room, of which the furniture is extremely plain; over the chimney-piece is a full length portrait of his Majesty. You next come to the library: this room is fitted up with bookcases, containing some of the best works of ancient and modern literature. There are several pedestals, on which are placed specimens of sculpture, and a great many casts and busts. Among the latter, the bust of the Princess Charlotte is most prominent. The walls are adorned with engravings of persons who have distinguished themselves in modern times, and at one end of the room stands a full length portrait of the Duchess of Brunswick. Returning again to the hall, you are lastly ushered into a second parlour, or withdrawing-room, the furniture, hangings, and walls of which are of a bright yellow. There are here, also, some excellent portraits, the most attractive of which is a half-length likeness of the sister of Prince Leopold, which is characterized not alone by great beauty, but by a sweetness of expression which is more easy to be conceived than described.

Here ends the inspection of the house, for these are the only apartments exhibited. There are four other rooms on the same floor, but these are not open to public view, they consist of the bed room, in which her Royal Highness breathed her last; her dressing-room, and that of the Prince, and a breakfast-room. In the hall there is a handsome billiard-table. Each room is attended by a female servant, who gives every information the visitors require. The whole household are attired in deep mourning.

From the mansion you are directed to the pleasure grounds, and in this ex-

cursion you are attended by a servant, who conducts you to those objects which are most worthy of your attention. You first proceed to the back of the house, from whence there is a pleasing vista, between rows of luxuriant trees, whose boughs sweep the sloping lawn. The lawn terminates with a rural cottage, intended as a music-room, in front of which is a pond, bearing on its silver surface various aquatic birds. From this you are led by a circuitous path to what is called "the Mount;" this is a hill of considerable elevation, clothed with shrubs and overhanging trees. On the summit is a building called Claremont, from whence the estate takes its title, as appears from an inscription on its front, bearing these words, "And Clare Mont be the name, 1715*." This edifice was, no doubt, erected by the original proprietor of the place, on account of the beautiful prospect which is commanded from its site. The view from its summit, to which you are led, is extremely fine, and extends over the greater part of the county of Surry.

You are next conducted to the New Conservatory, which is not quite completed, but forms a very pleasing object. —From this you proceed, by circuitous paths, through the bosom of a wood to a small and elegant Gothic mausoleum, commenced in the life-time of the Princess, for a different purpose, and since finished and devoted under the direction of her afflicted husband. From this spot you are led through paths bordered by evergreens, until you suddenly burst upon an extensive circular lake, surrounded by wood, and having in its centre an island covered with foliage, through which it would seem the rays of the sun can scarce ever penetrate. In making the circuit of this lake, your attention is directed to a little cottage, which is the peculiar work of the Princess herself; it bears all the characteristics of rusticity, but at the same time fills the mind with an idea of perfect comfort. In this cottage resides a woman, eighty years of age, who was a favourite object of her Royal Highness's bounty. It appears that this aged female had, with her husband, lived servant in successive families who had formerly occupied this estate; at length, worn down by age and infirmity, and unable longer to support herself by labour, she retired to a miserable little hovel which stood on the site of the present building, where she lived upon occasional contributions from the mansion-house, and

the small earnings of her husband. On the arrival of the Princess, Dame Bewly, as she is called, soon attracted her notice. Her Royal Highness discovered her residence, and found her endeavouring to read an old Bible, the small print of which, to her enfeebled eyes, was almost undistinguishable. Dame Bewly complained of this, but she complained no more. The next day she received a Bible and a Prayer Book, of the largest print, and, in a short time, through the same benevolence, her old and shattered residence was removed, and the present cottage substituted. To offer a word in praise of the heart which directed this change, would be superfluous. The nation has already testified its feelings with regard to her in whose bosom that heart glowed; and sure we are, that there is not an individual who listens to the garrulous encomiums of poor Dame Bewly, upon her whose loss she, as well as every inhabitant of the united kingdom, deplores, who will not add one more tear to the millions which have already been shed by those who fondly hoped, at some future period, to be her subjects.

From Dame Bewly's you pursue your course by the side of the lake, through a wild but artificial scene of hanging rocks, and from thence through various lawns and shrubberies, until you once more emerge in front of the mansion. You finally inspect the kitchen-garden and green-houses, which are only interesting from the recollection of her under whose direction they have arrived at their present state of perfection. The whole excursion occupies about two hours, and although the pleasure to be derived may truly be said to be of a melancholy description, yet it is a pleasure which we would rather seek than avoid. The fond recollection of her who endeared these scenes to the British heart, as well as the principle upon which that fondness is founded, must, to all who are capable of a refined sentiment, render a visit to Claremont a gratification of no ordinary kind*.

MAJOR ANDRÉ.

THE United States' papers mention the death of a Captain Samuel Bowman, in consequence of being severely gored by a bull. He was one "of the Patriots of the Revolution," and one, also, of the guard to whose custody the gallant and lamented Major André was confided, previously to his execution. A friend of Captain Bowman's, who drew up a sketch of his life,

* See "Name of Claremont," Literary Journal, No. 25, which article was designed to have accompanied the present.—ED.

* For a Biographical Memoir of the late Princess Charlotte, with an engraved specimen of her Royal Highness's hand writing, see the LITERARY JOURNAL, No. V.

has communicated the following interesting and original anecdotes relative to Major André, which he received from the mouth of Captain Bowman himself:—

"As the time for the execution of André approached, it will be evident that there would be chosen to remain with him, as his guard officers, the most respectable, and in whom the highest confidence was reposed. A Captain —, of the Mary-land line, from Annapolis, and Lieutenant Bowman, were selected as his guard, the day previous to his execution. He described Major André as maintaining the utmost firmness and composure; and, when they were silent and melancholy, he would, by some cheerful remark, endeavour to dispel the gloom. Having been formerly at Annapolis, I think as a prisoner, and acquainted with many persons in the place, Major André inquired, very particularly, about some of the ladies and gentlemen, and seemed to interest himself in their history and fortunes.

"Although not a murmur or a sigh escaped him, his composure was the result, not of the want of sensibility, or a disregard of life, but of those proud and lofty feelings, the characteristic of true greatness of mind, which raises the soul above the influence of events, and enables the soldier with unfaltering nerve and steady eye to meet death in whatever form it may approach him; for in his sleep, nature would play her part, and home, and friends—his country and his fame—his sister and his love, would steal upon his heart, contrasting their fancied pleasures with his certain pain, and render his dreams disturbed and his sleep fitful and troubled.

"While with him, early in the morning, the hour of his execution was announced. His countenance did not alter. His servant, on entering his room, burst into tears. "Leave me," said he to him, with great sternness, "until you can behave more manly." The breakfast was furnished from the table of His Excellency*. He ate as usual, then shaved and dressed himself, placed his hat upon the table, and cheerfully said—"I am ready, at any moment, gentlemen, to wait upon you."

"Capt. Bowman described it as being a day of settled melancholy, and that Major André was, apparently, the least affected. To General Washington it was a trial of excruciating pain. It was with great difficulty that he placed his name to the warrant of his execution.

"Capt. — and Lieut. Bowman walked arm in arm with Major André. It is well known that he had solicited to be shot; and it was not until he came within sight of the gallows that he knew the manner of his death. "It is too much," said he, momentarily shrinking. "I had hoped," added he, recovering himself, "that it might have been otherwise. But I pray you to bear witness that I die like a soldier†."

* General Washington.

† Our young readers are reminded that they may see the tomb of Major André in Westminster Abbey.

Early English Poetry.

OF A CONTENTED MIND.

BY LORD VAUX. 1576.

WHEN all is done and said,
In th' end thus you shall find;
He most of all doth bathe in bliss
That hath a quiet mind,
And clear from worldly cares,
To deem can be content,
The sweetest time in all his life
In thinking to be spent.

The body subject is
To fickle Fortune's power,
And to a million of mishaps
Is casual every hour,
And Death in time doth change
It to a clod of clay;
Whereas the mind, which is divine,
Runs never to decay.

Companion none is like
Unto the mind alone;
For many have been harmed by speech,
Through thinking, few or none.
For oftentimes restraineth words,
But makes not thoughts to cease;
And he speaks best that hath the skill
When for to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaves us at death,
Our kinsmen at the grave;
But virtue of the mind unto
The heavens with us we have.
Therefore, for Virtue's sake,
I can be well content
The sweetest time in all my life
To deem in thinking spent.

STORY OF MRS. E——.

[We are indebted, for the following brief but striking narrative, to Lieut. Chappell's *Voyage to Newfoundland**, recently published. The first observation we make on it, is that it repeats, in energetic accents, the great injunction, "Never to despair." To call upon the mass of those who call themselves unfortunate, to contrast the whole sum of their misfortunes and their sufferings with those of the hapless female a single passage in whose life is here placed before them, would be no more than a piece of mere common-place morality, and this, therefore, we shall omit. Our readers will, however, permit us to suggest the degree of resemblance (notwithstanding the wide difference of scene and other circumstances) of this true story of Mrs. E——, to Milton's beautiful creation of the Lady in Comus; and, since we have got so far as a "Masque," may we add a recommendation of this narrative as the basis of a work of fiction. In the hands of a writer acquainted with the country to which it refers, it might be rendered exceedingly acceptable for the closet; but, if it were prepared for the stage, what a favourable opportunity for displaying, at the English Opera House, (as asked

* One vol 8vo. London, Mawman 1818.

for in our preceding Number, p. 410,) the more estimable characteristics of the North American Indians! Were we dramatists, we ask Mr. Pinson's pardon, (we think) we would employ Mrs. E—— in closing her benefactor's eyes, and then effect her return to Quebec through the instrumentality of the Indians, whose friendship and good qualities should also manifest themselves in early parts of the fable.]

WE were much surprized, on visiting our good friend Mr. Pinson, to find a handsome female seated at the head of his table. The sight of a white woman was now a real gratification to us all; and our officers were anxiously desirous to discover by what means she had been thrown upon the savage territory of Labrador. As the story of this lady's misfortunes reflected additional credit on the philanthropic character of the worthy merchant, and gave us a faint notion of the inclemency of a Newfoundland winter, perhaps the insertion of it, in this place, will not be deemed reprehensible by the reader.

The daughter of a respectable Canadian had married early in life to a Mr. E . . . , the master of an English Quebec trading vessel. In the beginning of December, 1812, the ship of her husband quitted the country in which she was born, on its return with a cargo to Europe: but during its voyage thither, it was wrecked near Bonne Bay, in the island of Newfoundland. The night was dreadfully tempestuous; and with great danger and difficulty, Mrs. E . . . , reached the shore, in an open boat, scarcely capable of containing four persons. At length, however, the whole of the crew was safely landed; and immediately collected whatever could be saved from the floating wreck, and placed the articles under a sail-cloth tent.

The winter had now set in with such rigour, that it was totally impossible to travel far in search of fishing settlements. Under these afflicting circumstances, it was resolved to erect a hut for the officers, and another for the crew; by which means they hoped to secure themselves against the piercing cold of the climate. It was in this miserable state that the youthful and delicate Mrs. E . . . lingered through a long and dismal winter, upon a rocky coast blocked up with an ocean of frozen fragments; and surrounded, on the land side, by snowy mountains and icy valleys. Both the lady and her companions were compelled to cut off their hair entirely; which was so strung with icicles, that it became exceedingly painful and troublesome. To add to the sufferings of this unfortunate lady, she found herself pregnant. The crew mutinied; swearing, with dreadful imprecations, that they would take away the life of her husband, because he had prudently refused them an immoderate share of the brandy that had been saved from the wreck: and the barbarous wretches even threw fire-brands into the hut where she lay, although their whole stock of gunpowder was stored within its walls! At length, the much wished-for season of

spring made its appearance: but instead of comfort, it brought additional misery to the amiable and lovely Mrs. E. . . . Hitherto the affectionate attentions of her fond husband had been the solace and support of her life; but in the attempt to land a few casks of salted beef from the remains of the wreck, the boat upset, and he was drowned! Left thus destitute and friendless, among a gang of desperate miscreants, she had still courage to resist their brutal attempts upon her virtue: and, as the summer advanced, she followed them barefooted through the woods, until they reached the fishing settlements in Bonne Bay. She was here but badly provided with food or necessaries; and was, therefore, easily prevailed on to go in a small vessel bound for Forteau, where she hoped to procure a passage for Quebec. On her arrival at Forteau, she took up her abode at the house of a Guernsey fisherman. Misfortune still attended her footsteps; and she was compelled to leave the house of this monster, to avoid his odious solicitations. At this moment, Mr. Pinson generously offered her that asylum, which her hardships, her sufferings, and, above all, her pregnancy, demanded. By the earliest opportunity, the good merchant procured her a passage back to her parents: he also defrayed the passage-money from his own purse, and supplied her plentifully with necessaries for the voyage.

We afterwards heard that Mrs. E. . . . reached Quebec in safety; and shortly after gave birth to a male infant, who still lives to comfort her for the loss of her ill-fated husband, and, it is to be hoped, will prove hereafter the noblest recompense for all her sufferings.

LITERATURE.

TALES OF MY LANDLORD

AND

THE BROWNIE OF BODSBECK.

[It is remarked by us, in reviewing the "Brownie of Bodsbeck and other Tales," by Mr. Hogg, (*Literary Journal*, No. 12, p. 178) that Mr. H. is "not the first Scotch poet who has lately turned novelist," and that "the Brownie of Bodsbeck strongly bears the marks of imitation" &c. If, however, the following statement, which we extract from the Glasgow Chronicle newspaper, is correct, we (as probably also the public in general) were wrong in supposing, either that the other Scotch poet alluded to is the author of the *Tales of my Landlord*, or that Mr. Hogg is an imitator. Mr. Hogg is an original writer, and the *Tales of my Landlord* are the imitations, performed by Mr. Wilson.]

"It is a fact, which can be well proved, that the Brownie of Bodsbeck was written long ere the world saw or dreamed of such a thing as the *Tales of my Landlord*. I chanced to hear this mentioned by a personal friend of Mr. Hogg's, and, after

making inquiry at* those to whom he told me the circumstances were known, have found it fully corroborated. Among other things, there is one perfectly conclusive. I saw a letter, from Mr. Blackwood, the bookseller, refusing to publish Mr. Hogg's *Tales*, as they then were, not on account of the Brownie of Bodsbeck, which he highly commends, but on account of another larger one that was to precede it, which, in his letter, he denominates *The Bridal*, and of which he earnestly requests a thorough alteration. This letter is dated the year previous to the publication of the *Tales of my Landlord*! It was thus that the *Tales* remained in Mr. Hogg's hand till superseded by the energetic one of *Old Mortality*, and by that means the unfortunate author was not only deprived of the credit of choosing that momentous period for his tale, and the strongly marked characters that figured in it, with the additional applause and profit that would naturally have accrued to him in consequence, but has thereby been subjected to the stigma of an imitator. Another evil attending it was, that he had to go over his whole tale again, and re-write it, in order to take out Burley, who was his principal character, as it first stood. Some friends advised him to let the hero remain as he was; his answer was characteristic: "Od man, I dinna ken—I think he'll be as weel out of the gate—he maks but a poor figure here like to what he does yonder—it is like showing a bull for a second premium, after ane has sawn aff his horns." Burley was of course dismissed, and John Brown of Caldwell adopted in his room.

"Shortly after this, the *Tales of my Landlord*, for which Blackwood had contracted without knowing in the least who the author was, passed through his hands in the course of publication, and he having read Hogg's manuscripts before, was so thoroughly convinced that the *Tales* were his, that he sent him letter after letter, telling him how much he was pleased with them, and, at length, sent two expresses one day for him, to come and alter a part of them! When Hogg arrived at the shop, which was then on the South Bridge, Blackwood had his inseparable companion, and the object of his idolatry, John Wilson, ready, in order to bring him to his measures. Wilson describes the scene that followed as the most ludicrous he had ever, in all his life, witnessed. One part of the tale was read over and highly praised; another part extolled to the skies. The condemned part was next read; would not this be better so and so? No. Hogg dissented, saying, in a careless way, "it was better, as it was, than they could make it;" for he was chagrined at seeing his own theme taken up, and suspected Wilson as the author. After much reasoning, to no purpose, and a good deal of altercation, there stood the two bards, face to face, each accusing the other sharply and openly of be-

ing the author, the one in great wrath, because the other, after reading his MS., had availed himself of his characters and incidents. Blackwood stood on the other side of the stove, gazing with astonishment, looking at the one and the other alternately, and, for the first time, began to suspect, that in fact, he had the wrong sow by the ear.

"Wilson, seeing the bookseller in astonishment, and the bard in a rage, after indulging in a fit of laughter in order to settle matters, acknowledged that he was indeed the author of the *Tales*, and moreover professed himself willing to cancel any character or incident, or any part of the *Tales*, that Mr. Hogg pleased to point out. From that time forth the latter was no more troubled with the revival of the *Tales of my Landlord*. It is indeed believed by many, in Edinburgh, to this day, that he is the author of the *Black Dwarf*, but with regard to that I can say nothing: the former part of it certainly bears a strong resemblance to his style; but, in the latter part I think another more powerful hand, may occasionally be discerned."

High Price of Books.—Few persons are aware of the existence of a very extraordinary English law, relating to the price of books, viz. in an act respecting Copyright, of the eight of Queen Anne, where it is enacted, "That if any bookseller or printer shall, after the 25th of March, 1710, set a price upon, or sell any books at such a price as shall be conceived by any person to be high and unreasonable, he may make complaint to the Lord Chancellor, the Bishop of London, &c., who have authority to call the publishers, and to inquire the reason of the dearness of the books; and should they find it unreasonable, they can alter the price, and the publishers shall remunerate the person who laid the complaint, if any alteration should take place: and should any bookseller or printer sell or expose the books at a greater price than the one so fixed, they shall forfeit the sum of 5l. for every such book."

Juvenile Poems of Thomson.—Some juvenile productions of Thomson, the author of the *Seasons*, are said to be brought to light. We shall give an account of them in our next Number, and in the mean time have only to remark that they are chiefly remarkable as literary curiosities.

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* A Scottishism, and radically a Gallicism; "Demander à Monsieur, &c." Ed.

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KNOWLEDGE AND SCIENCE.

Locusts in the United States.—"Swarms of locusts," says an United States' paper, "have recently appeared in Massachusetts, extending upon the right bank of the Connecticut, twenty or thirty miles south of Northampton. It is impossible to measure the extent of the injury they are doing to the timber. Many trees are now apparently dead. The female locusts are armed with a sting of nearly the third of an inch in length, and of the stiffness and point of a wire sharpened. They attach themselves to the under side of the small limbs, and commence the process of *stinging*.—Their progress is to the extremity of the limb, which is as distinctly marked as it could be by obliquely puncturing the limb with an awl, and so raising the awl at each puncture as to crack the bark in a regularly continued, and, unless impeded by some obstruction, in nearly a right line. There are about three incisions to an inch, each penetrating to the heart of the limb, which is filled with small worms or eggs, of the colour or appearance of very small kernels of rice, but distinctly visible to the naked eye. We are not able to state further particulars in relation to these ruinous insects, nor when nor where they first appeared, nor precisely how far they have extended themselves—but their progress is marked as the progress of fire."—The insect denominated a *locust* in the United States, is totally distinct from the locust tribe. Such misnomers are common in that country. Some of the habits of the true locust are described in number 21, p. 369. For the locust-tree, see p. 370.

Molasses for Butter.—Molasses has become in the country a great substitute for butter, owing to the high price of the latter; it is, consequently, a very scarce article.—*Bristol Observer.*

Snow in Summer.—Last year, the snow lay among the mountains of Tweedsmuir, in Scotland, till the middle or latter end of August; and during the present summer, notwithstanding the uncommon warmth of the season, snow was to be seen in Donaldsleuch, in Gameshope, on the 16th ult. The elevation of the place above the level of the sea is about two thousand five hundred feet, and two thousand four hundred below the curve of perpetual congelation.

Drinking cold Water when we are hot.—A man in New York, after imprudently drinking cold water, was seized with very alarming symptoms, from which he was relieved by Dr. John de Alton White, who dissolved half an ounce of camphor in a gill of brandy; of this, three parts were made and given at intervals of three minutes, which soon gave the patient relief.

The Drama.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—On Wednesday, 16th Sept., Mr. Farren personated, for the second time, at this theatre, the character of Sir Peter Teazle. Had we not been aware of what materials the daily criticisms are usually composed, we should, from the high panegyrics they contained, have visited the theatre under the impression that in the person of the new actor we were about to behold a prodigy of excellence; fortunately, however, this was not our case, and we were accordingly not at all surprised to find Mr. Farren a mere mortal actor, who had filled the character he had assumed with sufficient cleverness, but with no striking trait of genius or originality. Whatever may be said to the contrary, it was evidently a laboured piece of acting, in which the great effort of the performer seemed to consist in concealing his youth. He moved with stiffness and every sentence he uttered came from him with an air of study. We never saw King, but should consider, from the acknowledged perfection imputed to him, that coupling his name with that of Mr. Farren was a complete profanation; Terry, in our opinion, would have played Sir Peter infinitely better than Mr. F. The manner in which the remaining characters of this admirable comedy were cast, demands the warmest acknowledgment from every lover of the drama. Mr. Young's Joseph Surface is capital; he was, however, indisposed on this evening, and the part was filled by Mr. Egerton, with considerable respectability. Charles Kemble is highly successful in the libertine brother. Mr. Terry is the best Sir Oliver on the stage, and the remaining male characters, from Sir Benjamin Backbite, by Liston, down to the little Moses of Simmons, are all represented with equally consummate ability.

Miss Brunton pleased us wonderfully in Lady Teazle; she improves every time we see her, and the quarrel scene elicited the loudest and most deserved tokens of universal approbation. Mrs. Gibbs's Mrs. Candour cannot be excelled.

The grand dramatic romance of Blue Beard succeeded, in which Mrs. C. Kemble resumed her old character of Irene, for which, at present, she is certainly too portly; her acting, too, appears to us rather too *degagée*. Miss Mathews's Fatima is her most successful effort; she plays it very well, which is saying more than her talents usually allow us. Mr. Blanchard makes a very indifferent Shaccabac and should not be continued in the character; his singing is absolutely execrable: we regret having to mention this respectable actor with so much severity.

The house was crowded with as much company as it could possibly contain.

W. B.

Original Poetry.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

Sir,—If you think the inclosed conveys sufficient of the attic spirit of the original to afford gratification to your classical friends, to whom "centies repetito placebit," I may occasionally afford you other specimens; as there is no poet, ancient or modern, with whom I more delight to beguile a leisure or an irksome hour than with Horace; he abounds, every where, with the most correct language, polished sense, beautiful imagery, and, very frequently, with the finest moral lessons.

The extreme difficulty of translating him, with spirit, is too well known, to every person of learning and taste, to doubt of every fair allowance being made, when it must be acknowledged that no poet was ever more gifted with the genuine fire of poetry: so much so, indeed, that among the different translations in our language, I may venture to say none has, hitherto, come near the original in force and elegance. Mr. Pope, in his imitations, perhaps approaches the nearest, and we have much to regret that he did not undertake the task.

I am, Sir, your most obedient,
Sept. 8th, 1818. M.

HORACE, BOOK I, ODE I.

MECENAS, to old kings allied,
My guardian's glory, and my pride!
Some love to join th' Olympic throng,
And drive the rapid car along,
To gain the goal their glorious aim,
And seize the victor's palm of fame.
To boast of civic honours proud,
Some court the faithless fickle crowd.
The swain, whom no rude cares alarm,
Content with his paternal farm,
And health and competence and ease,
Will never cross the dangerous seas,
For all that fame or gold e'er gave,
The merchant, on th' Icarian wave,

Storm toss'd, admires his rural seat,
And longs for quiet and retreat;
Yet, wreck'd, again he tempts the main,
Urged by the cruel thirst of gain.
Some love to lose the live-long day
With wine and mirth and sport and play,
Reclined beneath some verdant shade,
Or by some sacred streamlet laid.
Many the camp and clarion shrill,
And war, by mothers hated still!

The hunter braves the wintry sky,
Unmindful of domestic joy,
And leaves his tender wife behind,
To drive, with dogs, the flying hind;
Or spreads for Marsian boars the toil,
Delighted with the savage spoil.

One sacred passion fires my mind,
That favouring Gods my brows may bind
With learned ivy, and a quire
Of Nymphs and Satyrs grace my lyre,
Tripping the shady groves among,
And mark me from the vulgar throng.
If sweet Euterpe's pipe be mine
And Polyhymnia's harp divine,
That lyre shall sound a deathless song
And rise sublime the stars among!

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—The following were lines sent by a young Oxonian to his friend, and as they possess merit, I hope you will not think them improper materials for your paper; and am respectfully,
SENEX.

I. W. TO W. W. HIS FRIEND.

WHEN I turn with disgust from the revels of
night,
And the wildness of Scarron shall cease to de-
light;
When the morning of youth shall have melted
away,
And the clouds of anxiety blackened my day;
When novelty's witchery charms me no more,
And my heart is as cold as the stone at my
door,
Oh! then will I how to legitimate love;
Then swear that my constancy rivals the dove:
Surrender the joys of a bachelor's life,
And the pride of my youth, at the feet of a
wife;
But still, thou best transport! one maiden's
dark eye
Hath swept from thy bosom earth's baser al-
loy,
Hath fir'd thee with wishes an angel might
bless,
Nor the coldness of purity blush to confess.

Oh! once, I bethink me, the spirit was thine,
To joy in the wassail, to quaff the red wine;
To feed the hot glance with voluptuous charms,
And riot in beauty's encircling arms;
Till love, like the sun-beam that kisses the
deep,
And soft as the smile in blest infancy's sleep,
Expell'd from thy bosom the flush of desire,
And lighted a purer, a holier fire.
And what is this world to the bliss of that
beam!

Its transports are emptiness, sorrows a dream;
Thou revel'st in Fancy's ethereal bowers,
Where the breezes are fragrance, all thornless
the flowers;
Where spring everlastingly blooms in the vale,
And the music of heaven is flung on the gale;
Oh! ne'er may such dreams leave the waking
of sorrow,
Ne'er flit from the storms of a pitiless morrow;

May she who hath kindled the hope of thy
love,
"Be constant and true as the widowed dove;"
May thine be the image that lives in her
breast,
Her smile be thy blessing, her bosom thy rest;
May thy daughters be chaste as the empress of
night,
And fair as her mantle of silvery light;
May thy sons be their sire, both in feature and
mind,
Their port as commanding, affections as kind;
In the wane of thy strength, in the eve of thy
days,
May thy soul be refresh'd with the sound of
their praise;
And, when thou liest low in the hour of thy
doom,
When the cypress shall wave by the side of thy
tomb;
In that loneliest hour, when mortality's fled,
Thy spirit shall hallow their tears from the
dead!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Sketches of Society, No. III," "Letters from North Wales, No. IV," "I. F. A., and Neophytus, in our next.

The Continuation of the Review of Cobbett's residence in America is unavoidably deferred till our next.

C. F. R. has our thanks, and shall not be forgotten.

I. C. should have sent us the solution of his Charade.

"VERY," "S. R. I.," "H. S.," "IAGO," and "A Constant Reader," shall have places.

A parcel lies at our Office, at the service of RICHARD, with thanks.

"Pity" is unmusical, and incorrect in the measure.

A Correspondent, who approves of the outlines of a plan for establishing a public Gallery of Manufactures, inserted in our last, (see p. 411,) suggests the Pantheon, in Oxford Street, as an eligible building for the purpose.

We have not yet been able to look into S. G. C.—'s letter on the authorship of the Tales of my Landlord. We are not aware of having expressed ourselves upon that subject in the manner stated by S. G. C.—; but our Correspondent will see, we believe, in our present Number, an article which places the subject in a new light, and he will perhaps favour us with his further wishes concerning his letter.

Z. has sent us a long letter concerning the productions of Messrs. Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, &c., in the Examiner Sunday newspaper, but the opinions of all persons of passable understanding and decent moral principles are so entirely and satisfactorily made up, concerning the literary merits of those writers, that we think it unnecessary to take further notice of our Correspondent's communication.

Our Twenty-seventh Number completes the third quarter of the year so nearly, that we have preferred to make our Second Quarterly Part comprize fourteen numbers, instead of thirteen, its proper complement. This single irregularity will render all our future divisions more regular. Part I may now be had complete, sewed, in a wrapper, price Seven Shillings and Sixpence, and Part II, price Eight Shillings. The price of each future Part will be Seven Shillings and Sixpence, and not Eight Shillings and Sixpence as announced in No. 13 by mistake. Our first

Annual Volume, for the present year, will comprize only Three Parts.

We have reserved, for some weeks past, all notices of errata for the concluding Number of the Part.

In some copies of No. 17, p. 259, col. 1, for "Fulacek," read "Fulnee;" col. 3, for "Dol-gellen," read "Dolgelien;" p. 262, col. 2, note, for "Nielbrungen," read "Nieblungen;" p. 363, col. 1, for "Automathes," read "Automathes;" in No. 18, p. 271, col. 1, for "Lecters," read "Lectures;" col. 2, for "at the rainbow and the city; the apprentice," read "at the rainbow; and the city-apprentice, &c;" col. 3, join the second and third paragraphs together; p. 272, col. 1, for "and exuberance," read "an;" col. 3, for "seram," read "feram;" p. 273, col. 2, "John Bunyan" should not be separated from the rest of the sentence; p. 278, col. 2, l. 27, for "relieving," read "re-tiring;" col. 3, l. 58, for "practicable," read "practical;" p. 280, col. 3, l. 8, for "Eligy," read "Elegy;" l. 9, for "Moore," read "Moore;" l. 23, for "Letter on," read "Let-ter from;" l. 25, for "Inold," read "Mold;" l. 35, for "was," read "has;" l. 38, dele "the," and for "Mrs." read "Mr." l. 54, for "Reinallt, at" read "Reinallt ap;" p. 281, Lines on Sir John Moore, stanza 2, l. 1, insert "darkly," between "him" and "at;" stanza 3, l. 2, for "shirt," read "shroud;" p. 281, col. 3, for "Eugern," read "Engern;" for "Nus-nia," read "Misnia;" for "Meineingen," read "Meiningen;" and for "Ersenach," read "Eisenach;" p. 283, col. 1, for "Saison," read "Saeson;" and for "Idris," read "Idris;" col. 2, for "indiscribable," read "indescr-ible;" and for "Pen-y leader," read "Pen-y-Cader;" col. 3, for "fable ravine," read "sable ravine;" and for "Curw," read "Cwrrw;" p. 280, col. 3, for "Reinallt at Gruffydd," read "Reinallt ap Gruffydd;" p. 284, col. 2, for "are extended," read "are experienced;" p. 285, col. 1, for "conveyed forests," read "conveyed rocks;" col. 3, for "My first is doubt," read "My first is dark;" in No. 21, col. 2, for "we fall," read "we feel;" and for "be an evidence," read "bear evidence;" p. 322, col. 1, for "Lioncourt," read "Liancourt;" p. 324, col. 3, for "No. 16," read "No. 20;" p. 322, col. 1, for "parts of Philadelphia," read "Pennsylvania;" col. 3, for "Literaire," read "Literaria;" p. 334, col. 2, for "rice-bergs," read "ice-bergs;" in No. 22, p. 336, col. 1, for "pp. 1700," read "pp. 1841;" p. 337, col. 3, for "our last," read "No. 20;" No. 26, col. 2, for "Tren-mor," read "Trenmor;" p. 405, col. 3, for "to ages," read "to previous ages;" p. 411, col. 3, for "Ottoman's," read "Ottomans;" p. 414, col. 2, for "all the caves," read "all the eaves;" and after "new blue," read "coat;" p. 400, col. 1, l. 60, for "Ηλιττ Βεζζ," read "Ηλιττ Βεζζ;" col. 2, l. 24, for "illu-sions," read "allusions;" l. 63, for "Ande-nus," read "Audoenus;" l. 66, for "falsam," read "falsum;" l. 67, for "anguror," read "auguror."

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